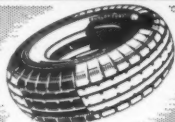


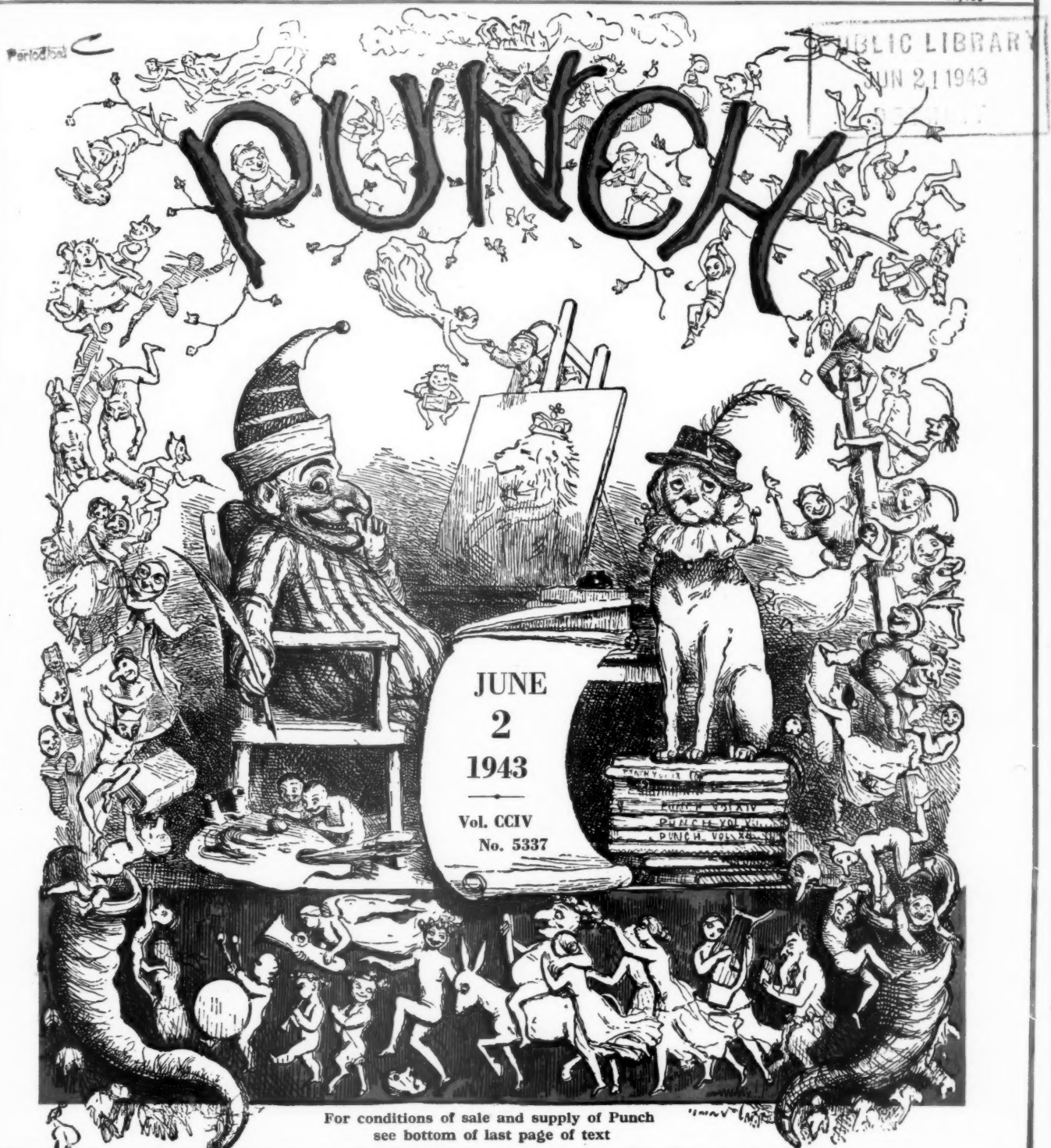
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IS OUR VITAL NEED, SO



**TREASURE THOSE TYRES—
DUNLOP**

34/108



"Triplex"— the safety glass
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THE NEW WARFARE



Tank Commander.



Glider Pilot.

New weapons, new methods, and new demands upon the fortitude and endurance of our soldiers—these are conditions which make the work of the Y.M.C.A. more necessary and more extensive than ever before. It should be remembered that the Y.M.C.A. is no mere base-camp service. It takes recreational facilities and comforts for both body and mind right up to wherever our men are serving—fighting, watching, training. The Y.M.C.A. serves all ranks of all the fighting forces—the Navy—and the Merchant Navy—Army and Air Force alike.

The vast extension of this world-wide war and the need for mobility and versatility on the part of all Y.M.C.A. workers means much costly equipment and grave difficulties—and often grave losses—in transport and transit. But the work must go on. Our fighting men have come to look for the Y.M.C.A. mobile canteens and centres wherever they themselves are sent. We must not let them down. Will you help?

More money is urgently needed. Help now with all you can spare. Please send your contribution to the National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund to-day.

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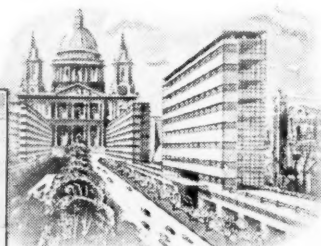
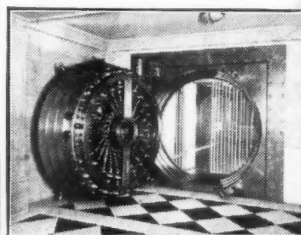
THE NATIONAL Y.M.C.A. WAR SERVICE FUND
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

President: The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B.
Vice-President: The Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor of London (Sir Samuel Joseph).

Please send your contribution to the National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund, 112, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1, or 10, Palmerston Place, Edinburgh, 12, enclosing a note of your name (and title) and address, so that your contribution may be acknowledged.

The Y.M.C.A. would appreciate it if you would mention "Punch" in your note.

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The policy of producing cars of the highest possible quality will be continued when manufacture is resumed.

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Subtly blended from seven specially selected varieties of choice tobaccos, with no single flavour predominating, 7 Reserve is a mixture of which Rattray's are justly proud. Rich, ripe, matured, it has been aptly described as the constant smoker's inseparable companion.

A customer writes from BUCKS—
"It is by far the best tobacco I have smoked in my experience of 45 years."

A customer writes from PEBBLES—
"The last parcel has been his greatest pleasure and consolation in the desert sand storms."

A customer writes from PWLLHELI—"Without doubt this mixture would appear to be the best I have ever smoked, blending perfectly with the delightful conversation of your old friend."

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Chas Rattray
Tobacco
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Price: 40/8 per lb., Post Paid.
Send 12/6 for sample 1-lb. tin, Post Free.



You should always think twice before you spend!

Think first whether you can make-do-and-mend.

And then if you *must* buy always be sure

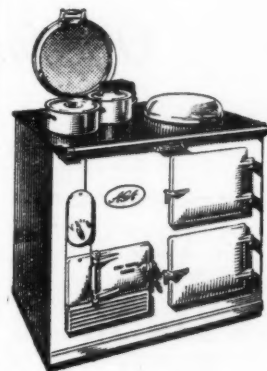
You search for Quality which will endure.

Look for this name — it's a good way to tell

You're expending Coupons wisely and well ...

'Celanese'
still means
Quality

I'm lucky,



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an

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The Aga Cooker is guaranteed not to exceed a stated annual fuel consumption; needs attention only once in 12 hours; is always ready, night and day; preserves the juices and nourishment in food.

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Supremacy.
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To own a **LOEWE PIPE** is to own a pipe whose leadership in quality has never been challenged. Take great care of it. Loewe briars are very scarce.

LOEWE FREE SERVICE. You are invited to use the services of Loewe experts who will recondition your Loewe briar so that it smokes as sweetly as ever.

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THE RISKS THEY RUN



This is a message of grateful acknowledgment to the Royal Navy, the Merchant Navy, and all those who go down to the sea in ships, for the risks they run in bringing their precious cargoes to these shores. Once here it is our bounden duty to see that they are not wasted.

Amongst the thousands of tons of goods daily pouring into the country, Timber has its rightful place. This, then, is a message to all those who must use timber for the repair of houses, the construction of sheds, huts, fencing, etc. "All timber must be protected with the best wood preservative available." Solignum Wood Preservative has been meeting this need all over the world for over forty years. Government requirements make a heavy demand on our resources, and will continue to do so until the end of the war, but Solignum is still available for essential purposes.

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GINGER ALE
SODA WATER
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LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE
GRAPE FRUIT

Off for the duration — on for the peace

ARE YOU WEARING YOUR JEWELLERY?

OR is most of it lying locked away—unused—almost forgotten? Why not get a good price for it instead? There's an opportunity to sell it now. Brooches, clip and double-clip brooches, rings, bracelets, badge brooches, etc., are all worth money to-day. Send them, by registered post, to Asprey's for the fairest valuation and the best cash prices.

Asprey's

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WORLD BEAUTY SERVICE

Coty's Empire is world-wide. For thirty-three years Coty Creations have won the hearts of lovely women throughout the world with a Beauty Service that is unique.

To-day, though this service is of necessity curtailed, there is no surrender of quality in such Coty Creations as are still available. Make the most of them till Victory permits the full resumption of the World Beauty Service created by Coty.

Coty

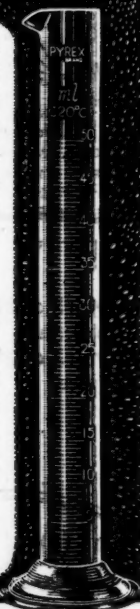
The creators of L'Origan, L'Aimant, Paris, Chypre, Emeraude, Stys, Muguet, "Air Spun", Face Powder, Eau de Coty, Eau de Cologne Cordon Rouge, Eau de Cologne Four Seasons, etc., etc.

C.P.3

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By specifying "PYREX Brand" when ordering Graduated Glassware you are assured of obtaining strong serviceable glassware, with division lines and numerals etched clearly and precisely, for easy reading.

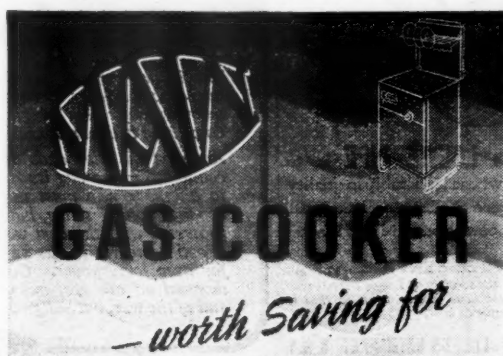
For everyday laboratory work PYREX Brand Glassware is Graduated to N. P. L. class B standard, but for more meticulous analysis or intricate research work, N. P. L. class A can be supplied at the appropriate extra costs.



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JAEGER

The authorities ask us to remember that
COUPONS ARE FOR OUR BASIC NEEDS



BALKAN SOBRANIE
CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

Don't blame him

When your tobacco conist offers you Sobranie Standard Mixture instead of Balkan Sobranie for your favourite briar, he is not deceiving you. He is merely doing as we ask him—making the best last as long as possible and giving you something almost as good in the meantime. Can you blame him—or us?



SOBRANIE LTD LONDON, E.C.1

PROTECT YOUR HANDS

Flexible, durable, comfortable. Do not harden. From Ironmongers and Stores. 2/6 post 3d. One coupon per pair.

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GARDEN GLOVES

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Polish Airmen

SWEAR
by
KOLYNOS!
of course

Daredevils, ready to risk any hazard, the airmen of Poland are the 'avenging angels' of 34,000,000 of their countrymen, who have been trampled under the Nazi jackboot. They lose no chance of getting their teeth into the Hun. A dirty business, but naturally they take the first opportunity to clean their teeth afterwards—with KOLYNOS of course!

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The World Premiere
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★ **ANTON WALBROOK**
WHO SURPASSES HIMSELF!

★ **DEBORAH KERR**
WHO REACHES NEW HEIGHTS!

★ **ROGER LIVESEY**
WHO IS SENSATIONAL!

THE LIVELONG LOVE & FRIENDSHIP
of AN ENGLISHMAN WITH AN IDEAL

THE LIFE
& DEATH
of COLONEL

BLIMP

in **TECHNICOLOR**

WRITTEN, PRODUCED & DIRECTED
by **MICHAEL POWELL**
Emerit PRESSBURGER

The Higher the Fewer

Coined by the R.A.F. during the last great war, this truism has modern applications. For example, the higher our airmen fly nowadays, the greater their need for sheepskin-lined flying kit—and, consequently, the fewer the Morlands Glastonbury sheepskin-lined slippers and boots available for civilian use.

The shops will have a limited number of pairs from time to time, but you may have to wait your turn.* Please don't order new Glastonburys unless you must. Take care of any you already have. Use them only on chilly days. Don't soak them and don't "bake" them near a fire.

* So please do not write to the makers.

MORLANDS GLASTONBURYS



A sheepskin slipper
with soft leather
sole and a cosy
turn-over top

A wartime ladies' ankle
boot—sheepskin lined.
Warm, serviceable,
and neat.



SOME of the raw materials which in less difficult days went to the making of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' must now be diverted to direct war needs, with the result that much smaller quantities of 'Sanatogen' and 'Genasprin' are available in the shops.

At the same time, the 'Genatosan' Laboratories are contributing still further to the war effort by the production of vitally needed Fine Chemicals and Medicinal Products, some of which have never before been manufactured industrially.



Specify
REDI-BILT
INTERLININGS

LOOK FOR
THIS SEAL
ON YOUR
NEXT SUIT

AND KEEP
YOUR SUIT
IN BETTER
SHAPE

When this seal is fixed in the lapel of the jacket you can be sure that no finer interlinings can be used.

The best of
these...



Wilkinson's



CHANEL

Chanel, for more than a decade, has been the perfume of the *élite* — used throughout fashionable society.

Owing to war-time conditions this wonderful perfume is not now available, but Chanel are doing everything possible to give their clientèle their favourite perfume in Chanel face powders, lipsticks and toilet soaps.

Chanel greet their great public and look forward to the brighter days when they will again have the pleasure of serving them.

Issued by PARFUMS CHANEL LTD.,
Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

Energy in a can

IT IS NATURAL enough that the bulk of Heinz famous foods should now appear in ward-rooms and mess-decks or at dusk beneath the shadow of a tank.

But the home larders still have their share — good rich foods made from the finest ingredients obtainable can still be yours, and with a can or two of Heinz oven-baked Beans or Perfect Soups in the house you can always put up a memorable meal for war-workers of the family. Like this:

HEINZ

HEINZ
VEGETABLE PIE

Put a layer of Heinz oven-baked Beans in a deep pie-dish. Add a large breakfastcupful finely diced mixed raw vegetables (seasoned) and a further layer of beans. Rinse the can with enough water to moisten the ingredients. Cover with potato pastry, brush with reconstituted dried egg and bake for 35-40 minutes in a moderate oven till cooked.

Soups

Baked Beans

Salad Cream

Mayonnaise

H. J. HEINZ CO.
LTD. LONDON



WHAT IS A GOOD EYE LOTION?

First of all it is a Lotion—that is, a LIQUID medicinal preparation.

Secondly, it is a Lotion which is approved by oculists, doctors and opticians and others.

Thirdly, it is a Lotion which is prepared, not in the factory, not even in the home, but in the completely aseptic conditions of the laboratory.

Fourthly, it is a Lotion that is kind to the eye—like its own natural fluid.

Fifthly, it is a Lotion that can safely be used for all eyes of all ages, at all times, whatever their state of health or sickness.

Sixthly, it is a Lotion that your eyes can go on using, however frequently or copiously it is applied.

Six good reasons for using



OPTREX

BRAND

EYE LOTION

Optrex Ltd., 17 Wadsworth Rd., Perivale, Middx.

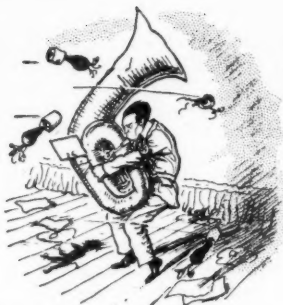


Designed by new methods from new materials, post-war H.M.V. electrical household appliances will be even greater miracles of efficiency and dependability... beautifully designed to lighten the load and shorten the hours of household duties.

H M V

ELECTRICAL ■ HOUSEHOLD ■ APPLIANCES

ELECTRIC IRONS • ELECTRIC WASHERS • RADIANT FIRES
ROOM HEATERS • HOT-PLATES • COOKERS • REFRIGERATORS



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5337

June 2 1943

Charivaria

"Some men completely disappear because they discover they are not wanted," observes a psychologist. Others do it because they find they are.

"What are German Army generals coming to?" asks a Sunday paper's military writer. Well, quite a lot of them seem to be coming to this country.

It is suggested that any further leaflets dropped by the R.A.F. on the Ruhr should be folded in the form of paper boats.

The Food Ministry has arranged for housewives in some districts to be weighed free of cost. It's their own affair if they tip the scales.



News of the breaching of the dams was kept secret in Germany for thirty-six hours. Then it leaked out.

Not all young Italians are completely without spirit; for example, the Fascist youth who deserted from the Navy and ran away to sea.

"One's nearest neighbour in Australia," says a writer, "might live twenty miles away." In that country when a man buys a lawnmower it is practically his own.

"I have known angel-faced choir-boys to be successful backers of horses," says a clergyman. Sweet childish trebles.



"It is terrible when one tries to put over a 'wisecrack' and the audience doesn't laugh," confesses a comedian. No joke, in fact.

Close Quarters
"WANTED, Gentleman boarder or Gent. who would consider partnership with lady in a small kennel of gundogs, near Glasgow." *Daily Record.*

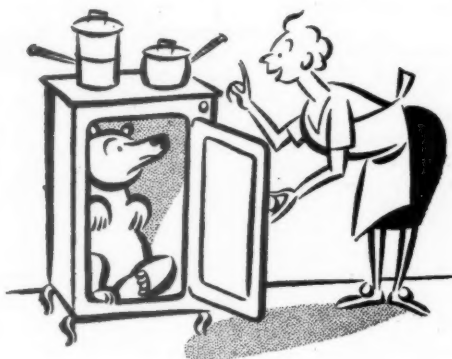
A scientist claims to have hit upon a new method of illumination. No doubt he will make light of his discovery.

Nine out of ten Egyptologists have stumbled across ancient tombs in the past fifty years, we are told. The tenth presumably looked where he was going.

"Navy Weds in Overalls," says a heading. With his pick on his arm.

Nuance
"The British at Dunkirk didn't quit. They took their troops home." *Daily Sketch.*

A post-office sorter jumped on an incendiary bomb, which fell near the office, and put it out of action. We can only suppose that it was marked "Fragile."



Because a light shone from Southwell (Notts) Police Station a police-inspector summoned himself and was fined ten shillings. He hopes this will be a lesson to him.

"The English housewife is jealous of the reputation for cooking she bears," says a writer. Goebbels will probably quote this to point out that we are forced to raid the Zoo for meat rations.

Identity

I AM not Akbar, not precisely he
Who ruled all Ind from Cashmere to Behar,
Under whose sway of learned clemency
Hindu and Mussulman forgot to spar.

I am not Akbar, conquering but kind,
Though now and then I dream, as day grows dim,
That in profundity of heart and mind
I do most certainly resemble him.

But I am AKBR 159/1
The sport just now of destiny ill-starred
For whom an evil woof the Fates have spun.
I cannot find my miserable card.

Only as AKBR do I feed on fats
Only as AKBR do I bulge with Spam
(Why does one lose all documents in flats?).
AKBR is me. Not otherwise I am.

The humble slave of bureaucratic rules,
A poor blind sheep, what fardels do I bear!
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools—
I don't know what that line is doing there.

If the great Akbar were alive to-day
And ruled in England, and observed the lot
Of his dear kinsman (less the second "a")
He would have mercy. Marylebone will not.

But if I fail to foot the ration line
And perish nobly hunting without pause,
Put on my tombstone "AKBR 159.
He died obedient to his country's laws."*

EVOC.

A Day in the House

ANIMATED scenes marked the introduction of the Government's new Air-Raid Precautions (Sustenance) Bill in the House of Commons yesterday. The Bill, which seeks to prohibit the eating of cheese by fire-guards on duty, met with unexpectedly strong opposition. The House was in a truculent mood, interruptions were frequent, tempers ran high, and the disorder reached a climax when the Member for East Clayton was suspended *sine die* for throwing a Chinese cracker under the Speaker's chair. In the lobbies after the debate experienced Members were saying that this was the worst day for democracy since Majuba.

In the absence of Sir Desmond Ficke (now earning golden opinions at the Washington Conference on the post-war zoning of edible fats) it fell to the Under-Secretary for Wool to introduce the Bill. After a brief review of the history of fire-watching since Chaldean times, the Minister plunged straight into his subject. Cheese, he said, had always been a staple item of human diet. The Phoenicians thrive on it, Theocritus and Virgil both spoke well of it, traces of what appeared to be cheese had, he believed he was right in saying, been discovered in an earthenware vessel of Hittite origin. Coming to more modern times, it was common

*Copies of this appeal have been lodged in quintuplicate with the Ministry of Food, the Ministry of Home Security, the Regional Commissioner, the Secretary of State for India, and the C.I.D. Not that it matters really. The thing is bound to turn up in a day or two.

knowledge, Sir Ptolemy continued, that at the court of Queen Elizabeth cheese was in high favour—(A voice: "Did you say 'flavour'?" and much laughter from both sides of the House)—while in that and succeeding centuries it was probably true to say that nothing had contributed more to the building up in our island race of a spirit of enterprise, endeavour and, if he might be permitted the expression, bull-doggedness than cheese. (*Hear, hear.*)

It will be seen, went on the Minister, that it is in no hasty or irresponsible spirit, nor without proper consideration of the many issues involved, that the Government has decided to introduce a measure calculated even in a small degree to reduce the consumption of our glorious natural heritage, cheese. I am myself a cheese-eater and I am fully conscious—

An Hon. Member: Prove it.

Sir Ptolemy: I am, if the Hon. Member who has just, I will not say spoken but brayed, will allow me to continue, fully aware—

Another Hon. Member: Hon. and learned Member.

Sir Ptolemy (*wheeling round*): So it was you, was it, you scallywag! I am, as I say, fully aware that a measure of sacrifice is called for by this Bill on the part of those fire-guards, and they must be many, to whom cheese has been, is, and will I trust in happier days continue to be, a valued and palatable concomitant of the daily fare. But this is a time for sacrifice. It is a time, as one of our American friends has finely said, for greatness. And I for one do not doubt that the great army of fire-guards will answer this call, as they have answered every other call we have had to make upon their time and personal freedom, with courage, with loyalty and with selfless devotion to duty. (*Cheers.*)

The Member for Dillingham: On a point of order, Mr. Speaker, is it in accordance with the rules, observances and traditions of this House for a Minister of the Crown to allude to an Hon. Member as a scallywag? (*Cheers.*)

Mr. Speaker: I think the expression was used in a jocular or semi-affectionate sense, and with no intention on the part of the speaker to impugn the manners, morals or habits of the Hon. Member referred to. Nevertheless the House will agree with me that it is better even in jest to avoid the use of words and phrases which, taken in another context, might be held to bear an objectionable sense. (*Hear, hear.*)

Sir Ptolemy: In view of the observations of Mr. Speaker I should like, with the permission of the House, to withdraw the expression complained of and substitute the word "nincompoop." (*Cheers.*)

The expression was then, by leave, withdrawn.

The Minister for Wool was proceeding to sketch a neat parallel between the nutritional values of a meal composed of carbo-hydrates, porridge and raw carrots, and the normal daily ration of a lance-corporal in Trajan's time, when the Deputy Prime Minister, who was received with loud applause, made a brief entrance to announce the fall of yet another Axis bastion.

"I have just heard," he said, "and I think the House may like to know, that Goulasch is in our hands."

When the cheering had died down and the Deputy Prime Minister had hurried away to repeat the news to a rally of veterinary surgeons at Newark, the new ginger-haired Member for South Wallop rose to make his maiden speech.

"Is the Government aware," he asked, "that Goulasch has been in our hands since 1859, when it was ceded to the Crown by Suliman the Fearful?"

In a stunned silence Lord Bung rose to reply for the Government. He began by congratulating "our newest



THE GODDESS OF PLENTY

"Are you sure you're holding it the right way up?"



"I suppose they MIGHT still try an airborne invasion."

recruit" on a thoughtful, witty and cogently-reasoned address. Many of the older Members present must have been reminded, he said, of the days when the last speaker's father, that grand old Parliamentarian Sir Egerton Brash, treated the House almost daily to a dish of sound common-sense cunningly seasoned with, to use the word in its old Roman sense, salt. It was with genuine pleasure that he, as an old friend of the father, welcomed among them the son whose future career would be watched by them all with close, he might even say jealous, interest.

Urged by several Members to cut the cackle and come to the 'osses, Lord Bung said he wished to emphasize the grave responsibility that lay upon each one of them in that House to say nothing that might in the slightest degree prejudice the national interest. Their lightest words were broadcast to the four corners of the globe. There was no doubt an understandable temptation to score what appeared to be a good debating point, without pausing to consider the harm, the very great harm, that might be done not only in Italy, in Syria, in the Cameroons, but also among our gallant Turkish allies, in Arabia Petraea and throughout the whole Arabic-speaking world. He felt confident that the House would not press him to add anything to the very clear statement made by the Deputy Prime Minister.

Amid the uproar which succeeded this speech a messenger

quietly entered the House and handed a telegram to the Minister for Air. Sir Percival Boot ripped open the envelope, hastily scanned the contents and then leaped to his feet, waving the official buff form in the air.

"I have news for you," he shouted. "Another great blow has been struck at the heart of Germany. Early this morning bombers of Typhoon Command—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the explosion of a Chinese cracker which had been thrown under the Speaker's seat earlier in the debate.

When the Speaker returned to the Chair, half an hour later, the debate was resumed and the Minister for Wool put forward the Government view that it was impossible for a man (or woman) to fire-watch efficiently and eat cheese at the same time. But it soon became clear that the House was in no mood to see the lot of fire-guards made more rigorous. "The Minister for Wool says he is a cheese-eater. But can he claim to be a fire-guard as well?" asked Mr. Blowfish, in moving an amendment that the cheese-ration of fire-guards be doubled. A rapturous House, still smarting under the Goulasch affair, roared applause.

The amendment was carried, amid insistent demands for a Second Front, by 490 votes to 12.

The House then rose and the Government fell.

H. F. E.

H. J. Talking

A SHORT time ago I rashly decided to take a pupil at the request of B. Smith, who wanted someone to clean his telescope for him. I put an advertisement in the Press as follows:

"Vacancy for a pupil to learn some kinds of science by actually doing things in the laboratory of a well-known scientist. He would not have to pay more than he could afford. It would all depend on what he had. Sworn declarations would be required that he was not concealing anything. No particular educational attainments obligatory, but algebra an asset as well-known scientist weak on this. Living-in optional but fees higher if chooses to live out to compensate for hurt feelings of advertiser's wife. Pupil should not know too much science to begin with."

No replies came for some months but eventually we had a postcard which said:

"AT SEA,
Early Evening.

I bite. No money but stocks of shares. Cut you in. Arrive Monday. What fun it will all be.

Happily yours,
Mr. COLON."

This being all we saw in the way of a pupil we decided to give him a trial and awaited his arrival with impatience.

Mr. Colon was about seventy, short and very fat with a bright smile. He wore white flannels with a blue stripe and a straw-hat. He shot into the laboratory beaming and rubbing his hands at the sight of the apparatus which was not, as it happened, very impressive that morning, we having been to a rummage sale at the Royal Society and come back with a good deal of stuff which was littering the floor. The problem then arose of organizing a course of study, and as we had already decided that his main function was to be useful, I got him to hold a guinea pig up to the window for half an hour to see if it took any interest in the people opposite, and then B. Smith put him on to grinding marbles in a mortar to see if it made his wrists swell. It was, however, extremely difficult to keep him really occupied. We kept him as busy as we could washing-up, and I devised a remarkably viscous substance with which we hurriedly dirtied things when he was out of the room. My wife, who had a theory that coal burnt better when its edges were rounded instead of sharp, also took charge of him from time to time, sending him down to the cellar with a nail-file.

One day he told us with a blush that his grand-niece was coming to see him at work and asked that he should be found by her in the midst of complicated and striking operations. To this end we festooned him with wire when the time came and put a rubber tube coming out of his ear and leaning into a large jar marked "Very Secret." As soon as we heard his visitor on the stairs we gave him some coloured soap and made him blow a blue bubble which left his lips just as she entered the room. Unfortunately, B. Smith, carried away by enthusiasm, began to produce billiard-balls, rabbits and a rather dilapidated toucan from Mr. Colon's pockets, and thus converted a serious and scientific scene into the semblance of a music-hall, much to my displeasure, which I tried without much success to conceal, annoyance always making my hair drop out.

Mr. Colon left us as suddenly as he arrived, having received one day an anonymous letter arguing in favour of

THE MOST IDEAL GIFT

"THEY are the most ideal gift I have received, and just what we need for our job with the winter coming on us. So if you have any more to spare, do not forget us—we have a crew of over twenty."

So writes a recipient from the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND. We must respond to this further appeal. You would have us do so, we know, so please help us to meet the requirements of this tanker crew, and of all those in the Fighting Services who look to us for their extra comforts. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

a preferential tariff on betel-nut and he being so convinced by its reasoning that he immediately set out to organize demonstrations in Trafalgar Square, this being one of his side-lines and he having organized many such, including one for boiling the water in the fountains in the cause of hygiene and one for having the president of the M.C.C. in the Commons and not the Lords.

Of all living creatures bats bore me most. I am tired of being told that the noise they make cannot be heard by human ears, which is a dull and negative piece of information and might be taken to reflect on the species to which I belong. They are less *soignée* than humming-birds, less peremptory than rattlesnakes and less earnest than elephants. An advanced composer I used to know wrote in parts for bats, and when critics complained about his work he would explain in a superior way that their notes gave form to the whole. They used to be in a wire cage, and when required were prodded by the timpanist as part of his duties. When I was a child the first sentence in my reading primer was "May I put on my new hat and pat a fat bat?" The last sentence was "The Chancellor of the Exchequer felicitates Lieutenant General Cholmondeley upon his approaching nuptials and requests his acceptance of some drawers for an *escritoire*."

o o

To the Ghost of Catharine Howard

(In The Haunted Gallery at Hampton Court)

CATHARINE Howard, why are you running
Down this fair gallery, running so fast?
Henry won't catch you, Cranmer won't tell,
They died long ago in the past.

When dusk is falling, Catharine Howard,
So white is your dress and jewelled your hood,
Give up all that shrieking and crying and weeping,
For Henry is dead, it will do you no good.

Yet when the shadows at Hampton Court linger
And night is filling the Palace with gloom
They called it "High Treason," the tall poplars whispered,
That sent the fair queen to her doom.

Birds

THIS is being written for the sort of people who, I have noticed, rarely get catered for in the Sunday papers; that is, the people who can never hear the simplest bird singing without feeling mildly inferior to that bird because they don't know its name. That they never realize that the bird probably doesn't either is, I think, striking proof of the mental stranglehold one class of the community can have on another. The only other thing I have to say about bird-experts is that they only read bird-articles in Sunday papers to find out what they know already, and I hope that what I am going to write now will do the same for the general public.

Birds, then, as we all know, are either brown or not brown; in other words, it is an effort for a bird not to be brown, but quite a lot of birds manage it. Unless birds are flying they can only move along by hopping, although certain birds can walk, or even run. We cannot be quite sure which birds these are, or whether the ones we see running about are really the hopping sort which can actually run now and then and are doing so now or are the specially-made running sort. When flying, of course, birds imitate aeroplanes. While no one would admit to believing that birds were not invented before aeroplanes, no one can help thinking, when watching the average bird, that it knows about aeroplanes and is showing off.

Now we come to the chief characteristic of birds: singing. Birds sing all the time, and experts have often asked themselves and one another why they do it. The general public has a dim idea that birds sing so that experts can identify them, but otherwise does not worry much, arguing that if birds did not sing no one would have to find out why they did, but as they do, all the time, it might as well be taken for granted that they know what they are about. Birds do not sing at night, of course, except, also of course, nightingales, and nightingales sing at night to show up the contrast between themselves and all the other birds. Birds do not sing in thunderstorms either, or even just before them. No one blames birds for this, and the general public is always pleased to have the chance of showing that it knows something about nature by pointing out this fact, when it happens, to anyone else who has already noticed it.

It is well known that birds live in nests, which they build normally in

hedges and trees. People are always being told, however, about birds building nests also in drain-pipes and letter-boxes and so on, and this has given people the idea that birds are happier making their nests in unlikely places. People are therefore rather prone to nail boxes on to trees in the hope that a bird will make its nest there instead of wherever it would have otherwise, and people with such a nest in such a box have the double satisfaction of having rescued the bird from normality and being able to point the box out to their friends.

What do birds eat? Everyone knows that birds eat worms, and snails if they are either thrushes or blackbirds or perhaps both, and also that most birds probably eat any insects they can find, if they could only find them. Birds spend a great part of their time pecking gravel paths. To anyone watching it seems hopeless that there should be anything to eat in a gravel path, but comforting that a bird can keep so cheerful doing it. I should add that anyone who has spent several minutes watching a bird pecking a gravel path feels almost qualified as an ornithologist, or at any rate ready to start.

The relation between people and birds is very interesting. Birds, as might be expected, do nothing to help it along, but people are tireless in their efforts to create a better understanding between bird and man. It is a common sight to see people tipping cake-plates and bread-boards out of windows on to the grass and hanging out to watch such birds as they have thereby

frightened off coming back to eat up the crumbs; or watching a bird-bath with that expression of rewarded benevolence which means that they have remembered to put the water in and that some bird is actually washing there. I should add that when a bird washes itself in a dog-bowl people's rewarded benevolence knows no bounds, because they feel that somehow the dog has co-operated. The only other notable aspect of this bird-and-people relationship comes up when a bird gets in through a window, when it is treated as something between a moth and a supernatural happening; that is, that it is extraordinary enough for people to tell one another about it for at least two meals after, but must be got out as soon as possible.

A few more brief facts about birds. Birds migrate; this means that they go away in the winter and come back in the summer. They go to places like Africa, and by instinct, and this instinct is so unexplainable as only to be explained as instinct, or whatever it is that makes birds fly miles and get there in the end. When swallows are about to migrate they sit on telegraph-wires, but no one has ever thought of working out where they sat before there were any telegraph-wires for them to sit on. Robins do not migrate, but hang around all the winter to help with Christmas. Robins are also noted for perching on spades, but even so the general public is not sure if they are around in the summer as well as the winter, because in the summer an individual bird like a robin is apt to be lost in the general welter. The public knows all about the cuckoo, of course; so much, in fact, that of late years there has been rather a swing-round to not admitting to caring about first hearing it. Even so, people who see as well as hear a cuckoo, at whatever stage of the summer, always think it worth mentioning casually, and—though only to themselves, and only for a moment—worth writing to the papers about.

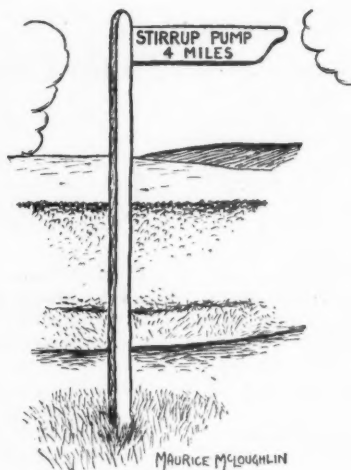
Impending Apology

"Under the baton of Mr. S. Rutherford, the Cosmopolitan Club orchestra provided musical numbers. Miss I—P—'s outstanding features convulsed the audience."
Gisborne Herald.

"Mr. Vincent Evans, prosecuting, said that Ballantyne, a Glasgow man, was an air port from 1928 until 1930."

Birmingham Mail.

Quite long enough.



Mr. Punch's Personal Column

Y. Broken-hearted. Arrived your house Friday, 8 P.M., as arranged. You not in.—Z.

GRANNY. Return home at once. All forgiven—if you bring back motor-cycle.—Bill.

A STITCH in time saves NINE.

Z. Desolate. Called your house 8 P.M., Friday, as arranged. You out.—Y.

EDWD. O.K. C u Ks X Stn 5 oelck Strdy. R u cmng trn aw becl?—Elzbbth.

DUMBO. Humbo Lumbo Mumbo.—JUMBO.

BEST PRICES given for Diamonds, Emeralds, Amethysts, Topazes, and Cinnamon, and Gold Moidores.—Box 3586.

FINGER-BOWLS, set of six, wanted urgently.—Desperate, 125 Belfair Sq., W.1.

AUSTERITY will bring us to Victory. 'Phone: Hairshirts Ltd., Asc. 1623.

IF YOU WANT Pre-war cuisine, delicate wines, old-fashioned surroundings, modern super-luxury comfort, write Hotel Splendide, Maidenley.

HOOKAH for Sale. First offer. Owner giving up smoking.—O., Morecambe Bay.

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS retouched, retinted, replaced.—Schnapps Ltd., Hitchin.

BUTLER, Handyman, Parlourmaid, Scullerymaid, Between-maid, wanted immediately. Only those with first-class references need apply.—Lady B., Box 304.

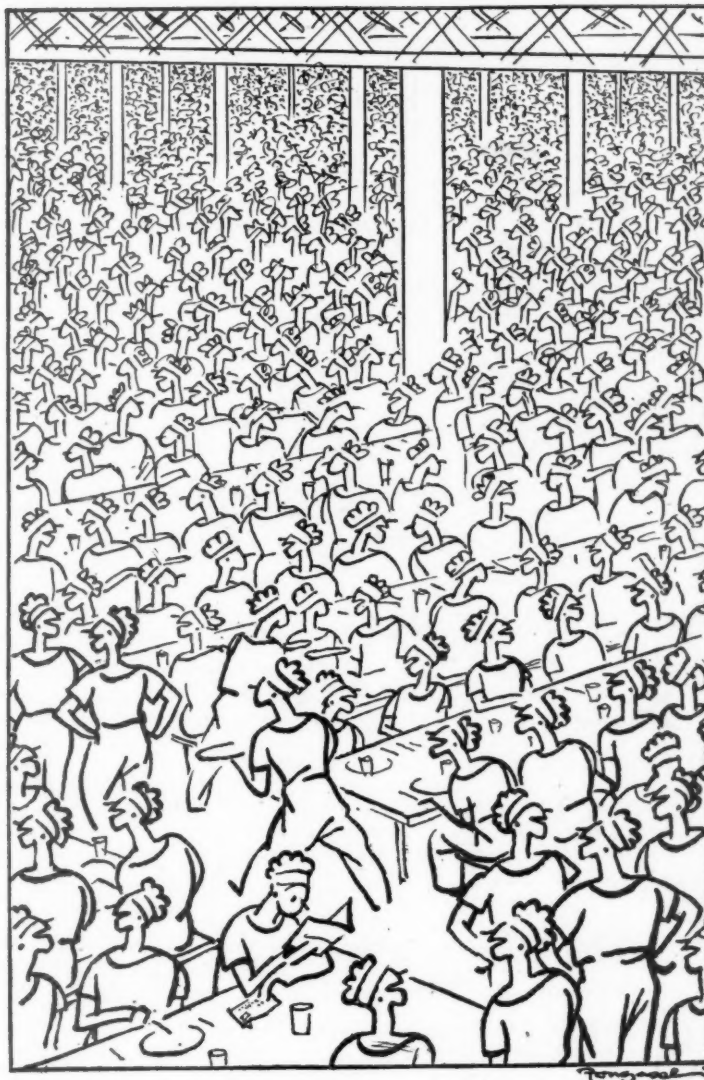
I, ADOLPH HALE, have changed my name by Deed Poll to ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM.

YOU WANT the best suites. We have them.—Utility Furnishing Co., Great Chesterfield, Beds.

OLD HARTONIANS. The annual O.H. Dinner will be held on 10th July, 1 P.M., British Restaurant, Harton.

KING COBRAS, Baby Leopards, Cock Vultures. Mrs. Bound, 77A Maybury Flats, S.E.33, will be glad to purchase.

I WISH TO MAKE KNOWN that I cannot any longer be held responsible for my wife's pets.—R. E. Bound, 77A Maybury Flats, S.E.33.



"This is just to tell you, dearest Mabel, that you are the one and only girl in the whole world . . ."

Youth and Age in the Country Bus

The Girl :

Shall I one day sit staring in my place
Slumped down with wrinkled, patient, pendulous face,
As if the most appropriate thing to do
Above my market basket, were to moo?

The Old Woman :

Look at her finger-nails like scarlet hooks
Or them old dragon's claws in ancient books,
Holding her fancy bag! That poshed-up hair
Looks different to the plaits we used to wear.

F. C. C.



"Well, Sir, I wasn't going to stand by and hear my own Commanding Officer called a vindictive old skunk."

The Phoney Phleet

XXI—H.M.S. "Bladderwrack"

"SEAWEED," said Surgeon-Captain Spleen,
As he put back his fifth quinine,
"Should be our Post-year Five-War Plan."
Nobody listened to the man:
The Gadgets' Club is run that way;
Each member has his little say
And no one gives a hoot. George Syme
Just gargled with a gin-and-lime
And beetled off. "Seaweed," he mused,
"Now how the deuce could *that* be used?"
Then suddenly he had a thought.
He screeched to Paddington and bought
A ticket for St. Michael's Mount
To study seaweed at the fount,
And, three months after he got back,
He took command of *Bladderwrack*.

Kapitan-Kolonel-Admiral
Von Spurlos U. Neanderthal
Sat in das Kriegsmarinegebäude
Presiding over a pow-wow
Of super-herrenvolk. He said
"Heil Hitler, I the aching head

Because of ships'-decline-of-speed
Have got! It's all this Hitler weed
That wraps its Hitler self around
Propellers. Recently was found
Better for U-boats in reverse
To go than vorwärts. Hitler! Curse!"
And what he said was less than true;
Round Axis coasts the seaweed grew
In such prolific masses that
It formed a sort of floating mat
Through which at length there came a day
When not a ship could make its way.
At last we had complete blockade!

And, more than that, we had put paid
To German submarines! At last . . .

Commander (E) George Syme said "Blast!"
He said it thirteen times and then
He called the officers and men
Of *Bladderwrack* together. "Chaps"—
Yes, always democratic—"Chaps,
We're in a mess, and no perhaps.
I thought I did a cunning deed
In sowing all this seaweed seed;
It isn't quite what I proposed.
The Hun's incarcerated, closed,
Denied his access to the sea;
Yeah, mighty fine, *but so are we*.
The stuff grows faster than I thought
And we're sown in, chaps, we've been caught."

The Eighth Sea Lord sat up all night
Consulting experts on the plight
Of *Bladderwrack*. It was no use
Thinking of bombs to blast her loose;
They'd more than likely hit her too.
And, at the rate *that* seaweed grew,
Ice-breakers, if they broke a way,
Would find it blocked again next day.
And so the arguments went on,
While Syme and shipmates lived upon
Two meals a day; then one; then none.

A certain Mr. Middleton
Who broadcasts, so it seems, on weeds
Found the solution. "All this needs,"
He wrote them, "is five tons a day
Of weed-killer. Apply in May."
How too, too simple! It was done
And *Bladderwrack* was freed. The Hun
Was also liberated, but,
As Syme remarked, "One shouldn't cut
Our noses off to spite one's face."
Though ungrammatical, his case
Was sound enough, I think, don't *you*?
Well, that's the ration. Toodle-oo!

o o

Came Forth Sweetness.

AND here, to end the News, is one of those talks that you nearly always miss by switching off.
Those of us who snatch a meagre living by separating out the sugar from patent foods and medicines and then selling it at an extortionate price on the black market have many an interesting tale to tell of the things we have met and the people we have done.

I remember, for instance, as if it were yesterday the

tumbledown lodging-house where dwelt the seedy retired analytical chemist who, after some preliminary (and indeed during some permanent) misunderstandings, showed me how sugar *could* be separated out.

"It's patience, George," he used to say, "what you want. Patience. It's the only way to approach a carbohydrate. You go bullheaded at a carbohydrate and it's liable to throw you. But take it gently, jolly it along, and keep a sharp look-out for lactic acid, and a carbohydrate 'll eat out of your hand, unless you're very careful."

I never could get him out of the habit of calling me George. His name, on the other hand, was Picklefork. In moments of leisure, such as would tempt Sherlock Holmes to play his violin or Pepys his theorbo, he would improvise thunderously on a stainless steel trombone.

He it was who gave me a little device I still possess. I forget what it was for, but I constantly use it for placing under the shortest legs of rickety tables. The tumbledown lodging-house where he lived was named, with at least average appropriateness, Hurst o' Dreams. Next door, at Thorp o' Reverie, lived a man who used to describe himself with inexplicable pride as the only plumber in the British Isles who turned blue litmus red. But I digress.

When I had learnt from the amiable Picklefork the method of extracting 4.5 grams (grammes, he used to call them) of pure cane sugar from the contents of twelve one-and-threepenny jars of Malt-Upliftfeedol, I lost no time in putting my knowledge into effect. For this of course I needed fifteen shillings; naturally Picklefork did not know where such a sum was to be got, or he would have got it and done the job himself, but I was fortunate in having an acquaintance who, though he had been justly summed up as one who did not know the difference between aeroplanes and *Areopagitica*, shimmered with money and was hence never troubled by this fact.

As it happened, though, he proved unexpectedly sticky when I tried to borrow fifteen bob.

"What do you want twelve one-and-threepenny jars of Malt-Upliftfeedol for?" he demanded, striving to hang a look of cunning on a face that offered it no foothold.

"I want it for X," I said, naming a mutual friend. "He needs building up."

Luckily this was calculated to seem reasonable. X was a character whose phenomenal thinness, combined with the fact that nobody ever saw him eating, had given rise to the rumour that he lived on dehydrated water.

My wealthy acquaintance was moved. "Here," he said, handing me sixteen and threepence, "get thirteen jars. You look as if you could do with one yourself."

Since that day I have never looked back; at least, not without seeing a policeman.

Of course I have had my ups and downs. To begin with I made the mistake of trying to build up a mail-order business; but all I succeeded in eliciting was a crop of refusals to touch my sugar from semi-literate retailers many of whom seemed to delight in making matters worse by signing their letters "I am, sir, yours confectionery." But at last I was lucky enough to meet a man whose only preoccupation, apart from making money, was a burning sense of injustice at what he called the calendar's unjustified reputation for obliging omniscience.

"Certainly the calendar will tell you what day it was and what day it will be," he would admit, "but you always have to tell the calendar what day it is."

This soured his spirit when he looked at calendars and made him vague about time, so that he sometimes turned up for appointments when everybody had gone home, or paid his income tax as soon as it fell due.

He introduced me to the black market, which he always insisted was the best place for any civilian who wished to help the war effort.

"Save shipping," he would say, "by spreading such trifles as sugar around among people who would otherwise spend their money on mere bulk. What I always say is, more taste—less feed."

My ambition rapidly became to own a car like his: a long powerful squat black car that looked as if it gripped the road, as it hummed along, after the fashion of a bow-legged slug. But I don't see myself ever getting one now; there is not enough money in black-market sugar extracted by my thorough, conscientious methods. I have sometimes thought of entering the bootleg sugar-beet industry, but the methods there too take time to learn. Some of the laughable mistakes the beginner is apt to make are outlined in Mr. Lee Ward Archipelago's well-known book *Pop Goes the Wurzel*.

From time to time, as Lord Woolton becomes ever more intolerant and investigatory, my colleagues and I are accused of being ostriches—of an ostrich-like refusal to realize the plain fact of our inevitable doom. I always reply, although not precisely in the words of Queen Victoria: "We are not emus." R. M.

Dover Cricket

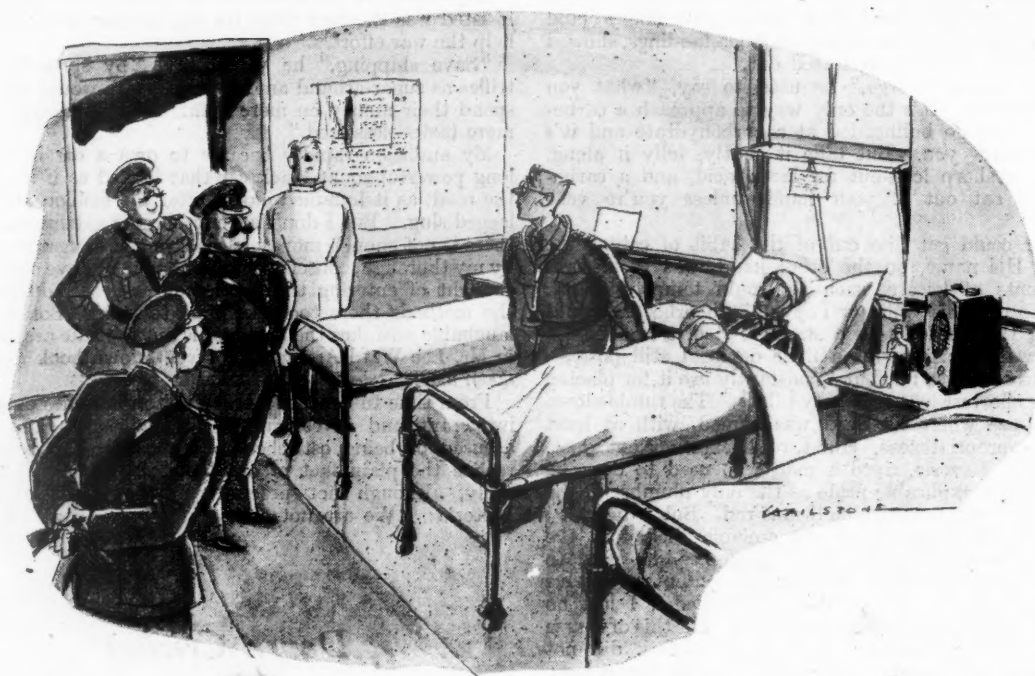
HERE within sight of the cliffs of Calais,
butterflies out and summer come,
to shake the Hun in his white sea chalet
are lads from Gloucestershire, chaps from Brum.

Green grass again and the English faces,
ball on bat as the shadows fall,
and cricketers come from a score of places,
soldiers and sailormen, comrades all.

Englishmen over the world remember
what rise of heart the May month brings,
and the long June days till soft September,
and are one for cricket—and other things.



"It still says Hard Marshall."



"Well, not exactly wounded, Sir—he was cleaning the windows ready for your inspection."

Pluto

MOST of the mess orderlies in the officers' mess at Bulonga Transit Camp are reasonably efficient, but one of them is not. Second-Lieutenant Sympton christened him Pluto, because he said he detected a resemblance between him and the well-known hound of that name.

Pluto is in charge of the long table by the door, and this table is always avoided by officers who have once sat there. Newcomers, however, always make for it, and Pluto welcomes them with a gleaming smile on his brown face.

"I'll have a cooled orange," said Sympton on the first morning, "followed by a little kedjeree, bacon and eggs, and tea."

"And I'll have the same," I said, with the genial but slightly stand-offish air I always reserve for natives, "except that I will have some oatmeal, but no kedjeree."

"Righto," said Pluto, "fat boss oatmeal no kedjeree, thin boss kedjeree, no oatmeal."

We waited for ten minutes, eating bread and marmalade in an abstracted sort of way, and then Pluto returned, bringing a pot of tea and two portions of minced beef on toast.

"No minced beef," said Sympton

patiently. "We ordered two cooled oranges, one oatmeal, one kedjeree, two bacon-and-eggs, and tea."

"Tea here, boss," said Pluto reproachfully. He then rushed away with the minced beef, leaving the pot of tea.

"Confound the man!" I said. "We have no cups."

"Never lose your temper," said Sympton, "with the natives."

We waited another ten minutes, and then Sympton saw Pluto on the other side of the mess, leaning disconsolately against the wall.

"You see," he said indignantly, "you've hurt his feelings. He overheard your ill-advised remark."

Sympton smiled hard at Pluto, and presently the wretched man came over.

"Can we have some breakfast," I said sarcastically, "and some cups?"

"Breakfast?" said Pluto, as if grasping some great truth.

He was back in a couple of minutes with our old friends, the two portions of minced beef on toast, now stone cold.

"This is an excellent dish," Sympton said courteously, "and we shall enjoy it, but actually we ordered cooled oranges, oatmeal (for fat boss), kedjeree (for thin boss), and two portions of bacon-and-eggs. And may

we have some cups?" Pluto came back quite soon with two glasses, and then disappeared quickly. We drank our tea out of the glasses, and as we did so the adjutant passed by.

"I like to see a cheerful spirit in young officers," he said, "but bad table-manners make an adverse impression on the native mess orderlies. Kindly drink out of the conventional utensils in future."

A few minutes later Pluto reported back with two more portions of minced beef on toast. We consumed these dismally, under his eye, and then he dashed off again and came back with two enormous plates of oatmeal. We were in no mood for oatmeal after the two portions of minced beef, but Pluto seemed so delighted to have discovered our wishes at long last that we managed to get through the stuff.

"The man," said Sympton, "is not ill-intentioned. He is just a fool."

However, I am not so sure. The other waiters scurry to and fro, executing orders with zeal and discretion, but Pluto stands calmly by his empty table, smiling complacently. He will do no more work until another convoy comes in.



THE SECOND BARREL

"So you're to have a front seat, as well, Hirohito!"

[At his Washington Press conference Mr. Churchill said that "both the Asiatic and the European wars would now be waged with equal force—they would now be concurrent, not consecutive."]

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, May 25th.—House of Commons: Money, Money, Money.

Wednesday, May 26th.—House of Commons: Rules Rile.

Thursday, May 27th.—House of Commons: Taking the Chair—New Style.

Tuesday, May 25th.—Mr. Speaker, DOUGLAS CLIFTON BROWN, whose charm (his twinkling eyes rove with quietly humorous appreciation over the whole House and the Galleries) has already made him secure of a place in the Roll of Great Speakers, made himself another record to-day.

He had a Question-time all to himself. It so happened that the inquiring minds of Members, as directed towards Ministers, their natural prey, had produced a mere thirty-eight questions, and the normal inquisition ended early. Members began to gather up their papers, ready to leave for other parts of the building—the business in the Chamber was the voting of £1,000,000,000 to pay for the war, and everybody knows a trifling sum of that sort does not call for big attendances. And then—It Happened.

Up got Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS, to ask Mr. Speaker's advice about the arrangements for notifying private business to those M.P.s who (unlike Sir HERBERT) fail to take a close and detailed interest in daily affairs.

Mr. Speaker, as to the manner born, announced a short simple plan which will meet everybody's convenience (if possible) and ensure that even the slackest of Members (if any) will know exactly what is going on.

It is tribute beyond words that Sir HERBERT, Ministerial giant-killer that he is, was reduced to a murmured expression of warm thanks.

Then Sir JOHN GRAHAM KERR, from a Conservative back bench, read out a long plea for the Speaker's aid in solving the earth-convulsing problem: "When may a committee properly be called a *Parliamentary* committee?"

Turning over his notes like a Minister, Mr. Speaker replied (in ringing tones that might well be adopted by many Ministers and others) that the term could properly be applied only to bodies set up by Parliament, but that, as in many other things,

common sense had to be employed, and the use of the term "Parliamentary" was—well—er—O.K. by him—so long as there was no risk of anyone thinking a non-Parliamentary body had Parliamentary powers.

Another round of cheers. Everybody thought this unusual Question-time was over. But not at all. Sir WILLIAM DAVIDSON had a query or two about giving notice of questions, and Mr. Speaker handled this ever-knotty problem with the same dexterity.

And so some more Parliamentary history was made. Mr. Speaker's private Question-time had lasted almost as long as the traditional questioning of Ministers. As one Member remarked to your scribe, there was more information to the square inch in the replies from the

all-round sense of humour in the House (it includes even the ability to laugh at himself), but for once he was taken off his guard. He remarked that it was no laughing matter.

This statement received no support from the benches around him. Perhaps honourable Members did not hear it clearly—they were laughing too loudly. Sir KINGSLEY stroked his knees and took a curtain or two.

Soon afterwards the Chancellor was in the limelight again, this time as the hero (or, as most tax-payers might cast him, the villain) of the great drama "Golden Rain," now regularly revived every quarter or so at the Westminster Palace Theatre.

Because of the need not to tell the enemy how we are spending the vast sums of money we are raising, Parliament votes the money more or less blindly, £1,000,000,000 at a time. Every time some more is asked for the Oliver Twist of the Treasury makes an interesting little speech designed to induce the Parliamentary Bumble to part more willingly. Unlike his Dickensian counterpart, he knows the new helping will be forthcoming, but it costs nothing to be polite and to go through the movements of asking.

This time he was able to tell the House that—for the moment at any rate—the peak of spending had been passed, and that we were now spending £1,500,000 a day *less* than we were a little time ago. The fact that the "reduced sum" (as the Parliamentary phrase has it) was still £13,500,000 a

day was beside the point. Members, who have trained themselves to be demonstrative about the most diminutive of mercies, cheered gratefully, for and on behalf of the generality of taxpayers.

A good deal of the cut was due to the helpfulness of the Canadian Government, which is doing much to aid in the war by means of a special scheme which has the double advantage that it saves us both money and transport.

The Chancellor got his helping, and went on his way.

Then Mr. SHAKESPEARE MORRISON piloted his Town and Country Planning Bill through its committee stage, with all sorts of people suggesting improvements and offering critical comments on the town and country planning Mr. MORRISON plans. Most of them said there was not going to be any planning, but Mr. MORRISON, sitting in the very



CANADA'S HELP

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD and MR. MACKENZIE KING

Chair than is normally found in a square mile of Ministerial reply.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who can be pretty witty on occasion, scored neatly off his old friend Mr. RICHARD STOKES. Mr. STOKES (to whom Chancellor-baiting—next to banker-hunting—is the spice of life) had down a question asking whether the Chancellor was aware that £1,500,000,000 had been "created by the banks" from the beginning of the war until last autumn.

"No," said Sir KINGSLEY.

Mr. STOKES exploded like the gun his firm makes, and was incautious enough to ask about the authenticity of the figure he had given.

Sir KINGSLEY purred. "I thought," said he, oh! so gently, "that the figure came from 'Stokes' Cyclopædia of Phrase and Fable.'"

Mr. STOKES has possibly the best



"The caravan standing at No. 2 gate is the 5.25 for Samarkand."

seat from which that famous advice was first offered, counselled them to "Wait and see!"

Wednesday, May 26th.—Mr. WILLIAM MABANE, of the Ministry of Food, passed through ordeal by fire this day, and did so very creditably. There were lots of questions about the distribution of the new ration books, and when Mr. MABANE, armed with an ample dossier, rose to answer the complaints, he said he would lump half a dozen together, whereupon a Member told him there "might be another hundred."

Undismayed, Mr. MABANE went on with his omnibus reply, which was to the effect that if there was ground for complaint it would be removed without quibble or delay, but that many of the complaints were exaggerated. Cries of dissent rent the air at this point, but the calm voice of the Minister went on. He had visited places where there had been reported trouble, and had sorted things out.

Then the storm broke. Mr. C. T. CULVERWELL drew a harrowing picture of queues of fainting women in Bristol, waiting wearily for the ration books that never materialized, and going home, broken-hearted and footsore—

and ration-bookless—when the office inexorably closed at night.

Fighting back his tears (possibly), Mr. MABANE maintained that this story—he swallowed a lump in his throat—was exaggerated.

Mr. GERALD PALMER, in a brief but pithy intervention on behalf of the Woman-in-the-Queue, showed the House what a clear and forceful speaker it was missing by reason of the modern practice under which Parliamentary Private Secretaries are normally condemned to silence. And other Members put up their own pet complaints, all of which were dealt with by the unfailingly good-humoured Mr. MABANE.

Probably not even the Prime Minister could have done better, and Mr. MABANE is hereby inscribed in Mr. Punch's Order of Parliamentary Merit.

The business of the day was a debate on the Statutory Rules and Orders which Ministers make with great frequency and which, many Members think, savour rather more of the Totalitarian than the Democratic form of Government.

Mr. Attorney-General mentioned that, even to lawyers, the law seemed

a bit of an ass, and that to find out some simple fact it was necessary to consult sixty Acts of Parliament. So what chance has the poor offender?

However, Mr. MORRISON accepted a motion that the rights and privileges of Parliament should be guarded with care, but recognizing that in war-time some special powers were necessary for the Executive. In doing so, he promised that the power of the giant would not be used tyrannically, even though he maintained that it must be "there in case it was needed."

This the House thought to be a fair suggestion, and there was no division.

Thursday, May 27th.—Commander Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY scored the laugh of the Session to-day.

Bulky Mr. GEORGE HICKS, of the Ministry of Works, was explaining that deck-chairs in the public parks were supposed to be kept in good condition, and that he would see they were.

Then up gets Sir ARCHIBALD, with this naïve query: "Will my honourable friend, with the Minister of Labour, test these seats himself?"

As the *Punch* of times past would have said: *Collapse of stout party*. And, incidentally, of most of the House.

Little Talks

I LIKED your bit of doggerel last week.

What?

I say, I liked your bit of doggerel last week. Jolly good.

Oh? Thanks very much.

Why so snooty, old boy?

I don't write "doggerel".

Awfully sorry, old boy. What do you write?

Verse. Poems, sometimes. Doggerel, never.

Sorry, again. But what is doggerel?

If you don't know what doggerel is, you should be more careful how you use the word.

I grovel, old boy. But why the fuss? I thought—I mean, by doggerel, I mean the sort of stuff you write—stuff you can understand, and all that.

Many thanks, old boy. I'm not really parting brass-rags with you. You can call it catterel, or ratterel, if you like. But it's rather an interesting point. I've heard the word "doggerel" a lot lately. And it's always used, as you have used it, of any verse that anyone can understand—

But, surely, that's all right. I'd rather do doggerel any day than—

Half a minute. Two points arise.

One is that doggerel is a term of abuse, or depreciation.

Oh, no, old boy. I never—

Yes, it is. I'll come back to that. The other point is that by all the best people verse is now divided into two classes—the unintelligible and the intelligible. The unintelligible is called "poetry": and the intelligible is called "doggerel".

Oh, come!

Yes. It's a sign of the times. When Winston makes a strong clear statement in five words of one syllable they call it "rhetoric". But if somebody puts the same thing into five-and-twenty long woolly words it's a "statesmanlike utterance". Nobody dares to play a simple tune: it has to be swamped with a lot of mush called "swing", syncopation or what-not.

I couldn't disagree with you less. But what is doggerel?

Well, I told you it was a term of abuse. Let's look at the dictionary. Here's the *Concise Oxford*. You try the *O.E.D.* Here we are: "Doggerel: Trivial, mean, halting, or irregular (verse)". There you are! What have you got?

Old man Chaucer seems to have used the word. And here's a piece by some-

body called Puttenham—*English Poesie* 1589. "A rymer that will be tied to no rule at all. Such manner of Poesie is called in our vulgar, ryne doggerel."

Ha!

What's making you laugh?

"A rymer that will be tied to no rule at all."

But don't you believe in rules? You must have rules, old boy.

Of course. All light, or, if you like, "trivial" poets have rules, and abide by them. In these days it's the "serious" poets who "will be tied to no rule at all". Poetry, or verse, to be worthy of the name should have sense, metre, rhythm and, generally, in my opinion, rhyme.

What about Homer? No rhymes, old boy.

He wrote in Greek.

Shakespeare?

He wasn't afraid of a rhyme. He wrote one or two lines without it, I agree; but they all had metre and rhythm, and, many of them, sense. The big point is that when the old boy started out to rhyme—a sonnet, for example—he stuck to it; and he stuck to the rules. Now, the lads I'm thinking of have it every way. They'll write miles without any metre at all—stuff that if you printed it continuous would be indistinguishable from prose.

Bad prose.

Yes. They'll start off with a metre and fail to follow it when it gets too tough. They'll begin with no rhymes at all and then pop in a few because some easy ones turn up. Or else they'll begin with a rhyming scheme and abandon it the moment it becomes too difficult. As for "sense", they're positively ashamed if a single line has any meaning the first time you read it. "Rules"! Why, they don't know what a rule is!

But surely you're just the same, you doggerel boys—I mean, you—whatever you call yourselves.

On the contrary. Light verse, whether you like it or not, whether its themes are trivial or not, is about the hardest form of discipline known to the writing world.

Paradox, old boy!

No doubt. But true. Would you call a limerick "doggerel"?

What? Well, yes. I suppose I should. I mean—"trivial" and all that.

Yes, but, you see, the real test is not the theme but the workmanship. Is it "bound by rules"? Is it "irregular", slovenly, haphazard? And as a matter of fact, the limerick, in



"There's a few getting off at the church, half a mile down the road."

my judgment, is just about the most difficult form of metrical composition there is. With the possible exception of the sonnet. Personally, I have never attempted either: and the odd thing is that the amateur always chooses the limerick to begin with. Crazy!

But why, old boy? I don't quite follow.

Because the form is so precise—and the rules are so severe. You may have the loftiest theme in the world for a sonnet or a limerick, but if you step an inch outside the rules it won't be a sonnet—or a limerick. That's why our merry moderns hardly ever write a sonnet—or a limerick. They'd never have the stamina to finish it.

Perhaps they think that all these rules are a bit hampering. They want to be free.

Like Hitler. That, I think, is perfectly true. But then, you see, by the definition, it is they who write doggerel, because it is they who will be "bound by no rule at all". And, by the way, their themes are not always so jolly lofty. The thing is that they wrap them up in so much obscurity that no one knows if they're lofty or not. Take, for example, the following famous work:

There was a young man who said

"Why

Did that gentleman spit in my eye?

I would very much rather

He spat at my father,

But I should not advise him to try."

Jolly good show.

Well, now, suppose a Serious Modern Poet had been given the first three lines and told to complete the limerick. He'd have written "brother" instead of "father" and thought it was just as good: and I don't suppose there'd have been a last line at all. But he'd have published it, just the same.

He wouldn't attempt it at all. The theme is too "trivial".

Not at all. It's a perfect theme for a Serious Modern Poet. Only, of course, it would be called "Frustration", and it would begin:

"Tree-patient

The expectoree

Fatherward eyeing,

Recalcitrates,

Dark query noon-deep——"

and so on.

Did Gilbert write "doggerel"?

Certainly not. He was an artist, a great comic poet.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"And am I going to tell Corporal a thing or two? Just wait till next week when I've had my hair permed!"

But surely his themes were "trivial".

Not always. And I tell you the theme has nothing to do with it. If Gilbert writes about a sausage it will be a poem: if an unskilled writer writes about God it will be doggerel.

Because it will be bound by no rules?

Yes. You see, if we poor light fellows start off with an elaborate rhyming scheme, and find it's difficult, either we stick at it till we've done it, or we scrap the whole thing. That's the difference. For instance, the other day I started a poem "To An Announcer". It went like this:

Joseph Macleod, he really is a fussy
un:

He puts six Rs in cruiserrrr, and he calls the Russians Russ—i—an.

But Joseph Macleod would agree that it would be odd

If all his happy listeners referred to Joe Maclee—od.

Not bad.

Yes, it is. It's very bad. And I shouldn't think of publishing it.

Why not?

Because "fussy 'un" and "Russ-i-an" is not a really good rhyme.

A. P. H.

Drake's War Work

"FOR SALE—2 Geese, 7 Ducks, 3 Muscovy Ducks and Drake; all laying."

Belfast Evening Telegraph.

At the Play

"SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE"
(DUKE OF YORK'S)

"You see him when he's proud, but I see him when he's prayin' in his little place and the tears on his cheeks; you see him when he dines, but I see him when he fasts; you see him when his head is up and fiery like a lion, but I see his head when it's down low and his words won't come." Thus speaks *Brigid*, the *Very Rev. Thomas Canon Skerritt's* little maidservant, to *O'Flingsley*, who is devoted to this child and is her master's irreconcilable enemy. *O'Flingsley* is the schoolmaster of this Irish village, a rebellious young man who has just published an anti-clerical novel, and the Canon is his extreme antithesis in age, taste, philosophy, religion, character, and principle. The schoolmaster is "a simple, single person," one-track, violent, blunt, determined, emotional, wholly Irish. The Canon is half-Spanish by birth, classical, fastidious, caustic, austere, many-sided, subtle, anti-emotional. The two men seem as hopelessly disparate as would be Jack Cade and Cardinal Newman.

But the primary point at issue in Mr. PAUL VINCENT CARROLL's remarkable play is not so much the clash between the two men as the quieter one between the Canon and his maidservant. These two are mutually devoted.

But the girl receives daily spiritual visitations from St. Brigid, and the Canon, shocked to the core at the mere mention of such "nonsense," regards these visitations as a mere disease, to be treated and ousted with hot-water-bottles and tempting meals. *Brigid* persists, though, with her visions exactly like Joan with her voices. She has the further remark to *O'Flingsley*: "St. Brigid says that if we could all see each other all the time in big hangin' mirrors, the whole hate of the world would turn into dust." It is her immediate object in life to dissolve the radical dislike between her master and her schoolmaster. By her death, occurring accidentally in a village outcry against the latter because

of his inflammatory novel, she appears to have achieved at least the beginning of her purpose.

The scene is extraordinarily moving. The two men agree to cover *Brigid's* face together. When we saw an admirable Abbey Theatre production of this play just before the war we were sufficiently stirred to express the opinion that "Piero della Francesca among the Italians, or Gerhard David among the Flemish, would employ such tints, and light their central figure with some such clarity, if called upon to paint another Death of the Virgin." We were also stirred enough



THE CANON DRAWS THE ENEMY'S FIRE.

Very Rev. Thomas Canon Skerritt . . . Mr. MALCOLM KEEN
Dermot Francis O'Flingsley . . . Mr. DENIS CAREY

to say that the Dublin actress who played *Brigid* handled the rôle "with the solemn care of a child clasping the chalice at her first Communion."

The latter observation can be repeated about Miss JOYCE REDMAN's exquisite performance at the Duke of York's. It has the required shine of saintliness about it, and you believe in the saint as you watch the face of the maid she visits. But the former observation—that about the production—cannot honestly be uttered again. This is all the more surprising and disconcerting because the producer, Mr. HUGH HUNT, is the same. He would be well advised to convene his entire company at once and beg them to speak much more audibly and

acquire "the pitch of the house." This done, it would not matter so much that Mr. MALCOLM KEEN is only able to suggest one or two sides of the Canon's many-sided nature. Or that London's vista of the tasteful Canon's study is a drab affair with some hideous cherry-coloured curtains and a cheap sepia reproduction of a Velazquez for its chief adornments, whereas Miss TANYA MOISEWITSCH in Dublin memorably gave us a lovely all-white room, with an azure ceiling, and pictures which looked as though they must have been bought in Madrid at great price. In despite of these

inadequacies of production this play is immensely worth visiting, and it will be to London's lasting disgrace if London does not support it. It should be seen for its Irish fun (Mr. TONY QUINN is particularly telling in an incidental part) as well as for its Irish spirituality. It should be relished most of all for the character of *Brigid*, a Blake-like spirit beyond earthly fears, and for Miss REDMAN's exquisite rendering of her. A. D.

"MAGIC CARPET" (PRINCES)

Mr. FIRTH SHEPARD in his new show at the Princes repeats his successful formula of something that is never quite revue and nowhere quite musical comedy. For a plot, or the pretence of a plot, he goes back to the old-as-the-hills, or at least old-as-the-Arabian-Nights, tale of a magic carpet. Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD has only to step on to this to be transported from an Oriental court

to the North Pole, to eighteenth-century Venice, to a modern department store, to Battersea Park during the first bicycling craze, to the Panama, to heaven, to the Wild West, and to a final scene which may be either Casablanca or Brazil and is anyhow a pleasing Spanish-flavoured spectacle. Mr. HOWARD is his wonted, fluttering, and amusing self, and Mr. CYRIL FLETCHER submits his broadcasted sallies and impersonations. But the triumph of the show largely belongs to Mr. ROBERT NESBITT, for his ever-resourceful production and, most especially, to the GANJOU BROTHERS and JUANITA for some throw-about acrobatics that are as graceful as they are sensational. A. D.

Art and Artifices

HAVE you ever observed how an opus or tome which for some reason is unfinished, gains so much increased recognition, due, I say, to the inherent curiosity of us all? See what tenfold plaudits a work receives—say, for example, Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony"—merely because the composer died rather than produce any more movements. The same applies to books; for example, Charles Dickens' *Mystery of Edwin Drood*—as the author does not complete them a delightful uncertain suspense is engendered, so that as we put them down we can say with a sigh "After all, it might have been good."

My mathematics master asseverated that the lost books of Euclid did not deal with calculus, and gave it as an absolute postulate that they were about something entirely unknown as yet, something much better and much finer than anything at present comprehended. To me comprehension and Euclid seemed an incongruous confusion of terms, and privately I reflected that if someone really did burn some books of Euclid, whatever their motives, they were perfectly justified. Whilst at this same college I was wont to indulge in promiscuous doodling, and one day (1/4/34) produced a drawing of a ship at sea with an ordinary horizon, and alongside, at right angles, another horizon. It was just the simple result of improving the aesthetic appeal of a plain horizon or straight line by a second attempt including a ship. Without ostentation I placed this masterpiece in the waste-paper basket, but posterity was not to be denied: it was seized by the art master as the most outstanding work since the "Mona Lisa."

As far as was possible I endeavoured to avoid my nascent halo of fame, and when asked what I was naming this great work, with the *naïveté* of youth I replied "The Consummation of Inertia." However, this name, I was informed, was neither relevant nor imaginative, the obvious title being "The Immensity of the Universe." I subsequently asked another master what he thought it portrayed, and he opined that it showed the workings of a child's mind. Somehow I feel that somewhere someone was right. This experience is reminiscent of that of Auguste Rodin, who had some years previously been involved in similar circumstances. When still comparatively unknown he had an accident with a large statue in plaster which,

instead of drying hard, collapsed into a shapeless mass. Critics hailed it as an outstanding interpretation of carnate man emerging from the Neolithic mire.

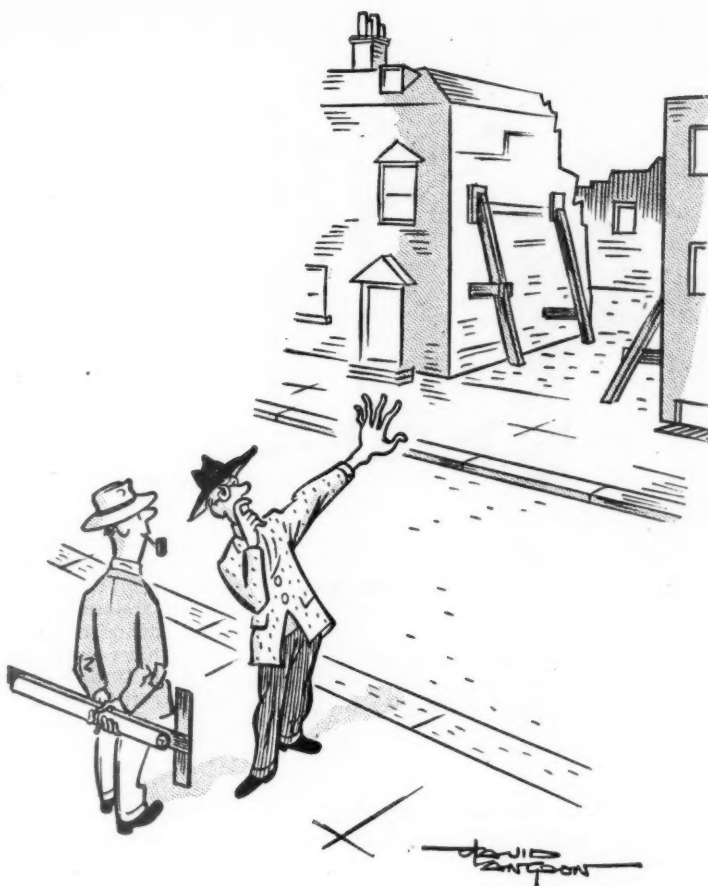
In modern times surrealist pictures have been hung upside down in the Academy. This makes sensitive artists of the Picasso or Matisse calibre furious, though the hanging committee must have a quiet chuckle. Not long after this had happened a director of the Academy was shadowed for a long time by a Viennese specialist on neurasthenia. The psycho-analyst finally cornered the director and put the question bluntly: "Was your grandmother ever chased by an albino with dark glasses?" The director blushed and said "No."

"Then that is the cause of your inversion fixation," was the reply.

Harking back to the art of unfinished, I have experimented with super-short short stories. My first was called "Bang" and consisted of the

word bang in block letters—thus, BANG! In a covering letter to the editor I pointed out that "Bang" possessed more powerful drama of language and onomatopoeia than say "Biff" or plain "Kerdoink."

After this I tried my hand at writing detective stories with no explanation or solution at the end. Several publishing houses unkindly suggested (trying to be ultra-radical) that I would do well to dispense with the beginning and middle of the story as well. Literary people as a mass are illiterate and reactionary. Naturally I do not intend to stoop to orthodoxy by finishing this article, but before concluding I would like to remind those patriotic people who have so courageously given up their rubber bath-plugs that the top of a milk-bottle makes an excellent substitute. Even if, due to a bad fit, you do lose such a lot of hot water, be consoled by the fact that the country really needs the



"Just there, I think, we'll have an E.W.S. tank."



"Then on page two there was a cartoon o' Franco, an article on post-war planning and the cross-word, and on page three the sports news and bridge notes, while on the back page . . ."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Esmond Knight

ALTHOUGH he lost his sight in the action against the *Bismarck*, ESMOND KNIGHT has recently given a brilliant performance as a German officer in *The Silver Fleet*. Those who have seen the assurance and gusto with which he played the villainous but not altogether unlikeable *von Schiffer* will read his autobiography (*Seeking the Bubble*. HUTCHINSON, 15/-) with particular interest, but it would convey a wrong impression of the book to suggest that its attraction derives only from the excitement and tragedy of its concluding chapters. Most autobiographers are fascinated by their early memories, but not many manage to convey this fascination to their readers. ESMOND KNIGHT has the rare gift of evoking past impressions. "The smell of stinging nettles, no matter where they may be, instantly reminds me of a dark wood where they used to grow against an old barn, mixed up with cart-wheels and rusty ploughshares." There are many such pictures in his account of his childhood, and scarcely less vivid are his sketches of the boys and masters at Westminster. Especially memorable is his brief account of an elder brother, who "never bought tobacco for his pipes, and would either smoke dried tea-leaves or discarded oily rags. On one occasion he casually observed that Number 33 bus tickets were a better smoke than Number 73."

ESMOND KNIGHT's stage career began at the Old Vic under Lilian Bayliss, who after hearing him recite the first two lines of Henry V's "Once more unto the breach, dear friends . . ." cut him short with "You're a good

God-fearing boy, and I think it'll do you good to come to us." He married young, after communicating his purpose to his parents while they were in bed with mumps, which they had caught from him, and for some years he had a hard struggle. By the outbreak of the war he was fairly well established, but it was a relief to him when he was called up and began his training for a commission in the R.N.V.R. From the deck of the *Prince of Wales* he saw the *Hood* blown up by the *Bismarck*, and a few moments later a shell struck the *Prince of Wales*. When he recovered consciousness he could see nothing. Taken ashore at Reykjavik, he felt the warm sunshine beating on his face, and then passed into a world of horrible dreams, the least terrifying of which revealed "a vast and desolate battlefield, through which a solitary figure trailed chanting a sad song under a red sky." The penultimate chapter tells how he adjusted himself, painfully at first but with increasing confidence, to his new life, and in the last chapter he forecasts the new theatre which he hopes will be born out of the suffering of the war.

H. K.

A Poet's Miscellany

A source of poetic inspiration is of course a private affair. It is no use trying to run power off it and make it into a public utility company. This may seem an ungrateful way to receive Miss EDITH SITWELL's *Poet's Notebook* (MACMILLAN, 10/6), in which she sets out the notes and aphorisms and quotations which have helped her to fix the inner meaning of her art. "Whatever satisfies the soul is truth," she quotes Whitman as saying, "these truths satisfy mine." But it is a little difficult for anyone whose mind is not exactly in tune with Miss SITWELL's to feel the same satisfaction. Most of the quotations, naturally enough, are from the gods of the twenties which she herself helped to wedge firmly on to their pedestals—Blake, Donne, Rimbaud, Christopher Smart and Jean Cocteau—and a good many of them are taken not from the originals, but at secondhand from other anthologies, biographies, bedside-books and the *New Christian Year*. There is, of course, little object in criticizing a personal selection, and the fact that this is a private notebook evidently accounts for some carelessness, and the fact that we have to read: "Rhythm has been defined as melody stripped of its pitch". This should be remembered.—E. S." twice within a few pages. The next section of the book, and the most important perhaps, consists of notes on the technique of different poets, including Chaucer, Herrick and Shakespeare. Here Miss SITWELL displays with a deep sincerity her love of words and the infinite elaboration of vowels and consonants. A great deal of what she says—especially about Herrick—is written with an acute delicate imagination and with a first-hand knowledge of the poet's difficulties; so perhaps it does not matter that she disregards almost entirely the changes in English vowel-sounds over the last five centuries. (This brings to mind the warning given by Mr. Ridley, master of verbal criticism, that before reading the *Ode to Melancholy* you should remember that Keats almost certainly pronounced "neither" as "neether.") The book ends, appropriately, with two new poems by Miss SITWELL herself.

P. M. F.

Gentle Johnians

"Last on the chalk and first on the fen," a quiet country town of off-white brick, Cambridge never sustained a claim to be considered more lovely than Oxford until industrial Oxford abdicated of her own free will. Yet if the fine malice of Dr. T. R. GLOVER's *Cambridge Retrospect* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 6/-) bears a thought

hardly on his college's setting, he makes generous atonement with its "significant men." From the outset it was every college's problem "whether it could get, or keep, a real teacher for a hack's wage": a problem intensified by the needs of the married Fellow and the comet-like transit of the (usually scientific) pot-hunter. But Dr. GLOVER merely touches on these issues and harks happily back to his own undergraduate days—days of Heitland, Sandys and Graves, days when Whibley of Pembroke headed him gratefully into Ancient History. Knowing your Cambridge, you can safely wager that these and other worthies have their humours, and that the undergraduate by no means scores too invariably over the don. It was a very old president of St. John's who, meeting an undergraduate dashing to chapel "clad in little but a surplice," asked him promptly to breakfast and subsequently took him a long country walk.

H. P. E.

What the Hands Tell.

Palmistry *est mort*, *vive* the psychology of the hand! Dr. CHARLOTTE WOLFF can afford to forgive the pleasantries. She has made a long, intensive and rational study of the hands in relation to the rest of the body, and publishes some remarkable conclusions in *The Human Hand* (METHUEN, 16/-). Starting from the fact that the hands have marked idiosyncrasies when certain diseases, especially pulmonary tuberculosis, are present in other parts of the body, she found that the shape and markings of the hands conformed, fairly regularly, with various other physical and psychic states. The next step was to analyse and, so to speak, localize the connection—to replace the old-fashioned Heart and Fate lines with something scientific, something like "the ulnar zone (the area of the imagination and the subconscious)." It is curious to find some of the palmist's traditions (for instance, the association of the Head line with intelligence) being borne out by investigation, and the placing of matters on a satisfactory scientific basis should not only be of considerable service to the psychologist but also revolutionize the palmist's art. Dr. WOLFF is much more sensible than most iconoclasts. She appreciates the perils of a vacuum, and though she takes much away she gives something back, thus ousting superstitious lore with healthy scientific information. This has the merit of being equally fascinating, and progress through the book is continually impeded by the need to test her conclusions, in an amateurish way, on one's own account. So altogether one is glad to say "Palmistry *est mort*, etc."

J. S.

Lovers in Poland

Heroism, almost fantastic in its heights of self-dedication, is the keynote of *The Faithful River* (MINERVA PUBLISHING Co., 7/6), a novel which exalts a single intimate episode into something not unrepresentative of a great nation. Prince Joseph Odrowaz and Salomea Brynicka, a beautiful girl of yeoman stock, are flung together by a Polish rising of the 'sixties. Odrowaz has been left for dead in a countryside occupied by Cossacks, and the peasants are too cowed and abject to succour their own wounded. Left to hold a deserted manor-house, Salomea rescues what is left of Odrowaz; and, although the enemy returns again and again, the girl and one deaf man-servant, aided by a family poltergeist of terrifying local reputation, hold the fort and save the guest. This, exciting as it is, is not all. The story for M. STEFAN ZEROMSKI—surely a rare novelist and perhaps a rarer poet?—is the universal story of lofty spirits and mean ones, the former suffering, both during and after hostilities, for and from the latter. From the selfish

peasants to Odrowaz's selfish mother—who returns to claim her son in a last heart-breaking chapter—the petty folk emerge like their Shakespearean doubles "that will out of their burrows, like conies after rain."

H. P. E.

A Master of Diplomacy

Time was when Metternich was described, or decried, as the Soul of Reaction. Mr. ALGERNON CECIL, in his *Metternich*, now republished with much interesting new material (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 10/6), urges the reader to reconsider this estimate. Let him bear in mind what many eminent and none-too-friendly sources have said of this so-called Machiavellian statesman, whom Napoleon, Alexander, and Talleyrand roundly characterized as a liar. They admit that the famous Austrian Minister was the brain of the alliance that liberated Europe from the Napoleonic tyranny, that the Vienna Congress obtained for Europe a fruitful period of peace, and that there was a certain magnificence about the generosity of the terms offered to the defeated Emperor in 1814. A second Metternich presiding over the deliberations at Versailles in 1919, we are given to understand, might have averted the catastrophe of 1939. Which is as it may be. But it is clear that he was always ready to come to terms with Napoleon, on a reasonable basis. He had no desire for revenge. And when the Emperor died—"when the sun of Austerlitz sank at last into the sea at St. Helena"—he declared that he felt only regret that he should no more be able to converse with that great intelligence. As for his personal character and charm, it is noteworthy that Englishmen liked him well and adjudged him honourable. When he was driven to take refuge in this country after the revolution of 1848, Wellington called upon him daily. Disraeli felt for him the "most tender and respectful affection." Lord Rokeby declared that he never had a mean thought or said a mean word about anyone. The republication of Mr. CECIL's study, warmly praised on its first appearance by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, should be especially welcome at this moment.

L. W.



"Well, it certainly TASTES like rubber, Mr. Briggs."

A Matter of Inches

I AM seventy-five inches in height. This, I insist, is not so very unusual. Five inches taken off it—about the length of my fountain-pen—would reduce me to quite an average sort of size.

Yet these superfluous inches have proved an immeasurable burden.

And as most of my upward movement was accomplished when I was still a schoolboy, I took up this burden very early in life.

In order to support such an apparently trifling overlap, I had even to take days in bed. As well as outgrowing my strength I outgrew my clothes very rapidly, weighed more than I ought to have done, and was consequently compelled to box with youths who had less bone but far more muscle.

As I grew older I began to feel like Alice when she drank out of the bottle. I bumped my head in doorways, could find no bed to fit me, and was never able to submerge the whole of my body simultaneously in a bath. Since I was brought up to be polite, I travelled many miles in buses with the back of my neck supporting the roof and, in addition to all this discomfort, I found myself constantly under observation. The art of self-effacement, which my modest nature was envious of mastering, remained entirely beyond me. People always knew exactly what I was doing at times when I would have preferred to keep such knowledge to myself.

Instinctively I hung my head, and was immediately rebuked for not holding myself upright, and was told I looked like a question-mark.

It was once considered witty to ask: "Is it cold up there?"

I am happy to note that this particular gibe has disappeared, but others, just as painfully facetious, have taken its place.

("So England has skyscrapers too.")

Yet, as I have remarked, my height is not so very unusual. There are quite a number of people who are as tall as I am, and I have met several who are taller. Why, then, are we made to feel like freaks?

Why should the length of a fountain-pen make all this difference?

There is something aggressive about those of fewer inches, a sort of malevolent desire to throw insults, and worse, at us who, through no fault of our own, have risen slightly above the conventional standard. And all the propaganda of the ages is on their side.

Notice that legends invariably make the giant out to be the villain of the piece. According to them, he lives in a cave or a castle, where he either eats people or keeps princesses in captivity, until some knight-errant slays him and frees his victims.

I suspect that these stories were all invented by men of mean stature, that in fact the giants did nobody any harm, but, having outgrown their strength, were so gentle and helpless that they became an easy prey. Then they were preserved, like pheasants, for the sport of diminutive cavaliers, who made up all sorts of atrocious stories about the poor creatures to serve as an excuse for their own cruel practices and paint themselves in heroic colours.

Sheer propaganda!

Look at that little brute David, who bowled Goliath with a late-swing. Who has ever spoken a word of sympathy for his much more honest victim? Look at Philip II, Louis XIV, Napoleon, Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japanese. All bullies!

The truth is that they are quicker and better organized. They are morally inferior, but more purposeful and ubiquitous. There is always a short man about the place, but you cannot find a tall one when you want him. They seem to have become quicker at concealment than I used to be. Ever since I was invalidated out of the Army, for instance, I have been looking for a tall officer—to sell him my uniform.

But I expect the poor fellows are all casualties—dive-bombed or something by vicious little totalitarians who marked them down as easy targets. The only thing I could get rid of was my military greatcoat, which has been bought by a provident housewife.

She says there is so much of it that it will do to cut up and make suits for all her six children, without expending clothing-coupons.

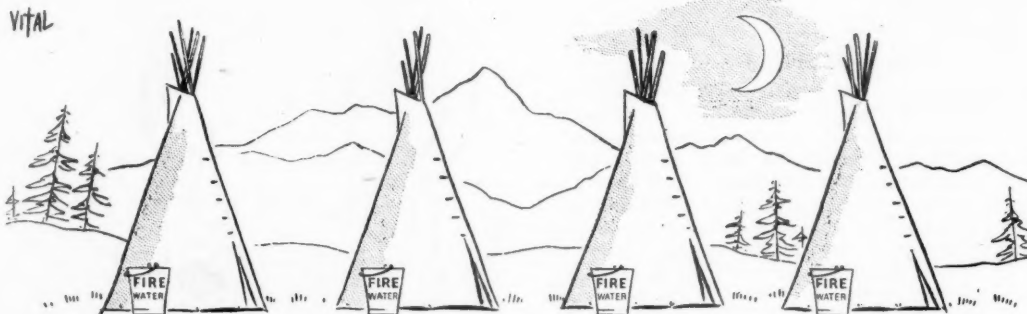
Collapse

"While it was possible, he said, that the proud German Army could collapse, as it had done at Gena in the lapse, as it had done at Jena . . ."—Observer.

Even Odds

"WANTED an educated dumb Protestant girl of 20 to marry a graduate and well settled business man of 30."

Advt. in Indian Paper.



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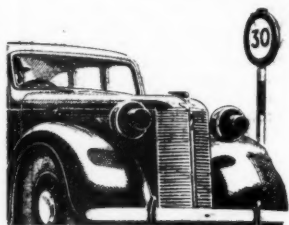
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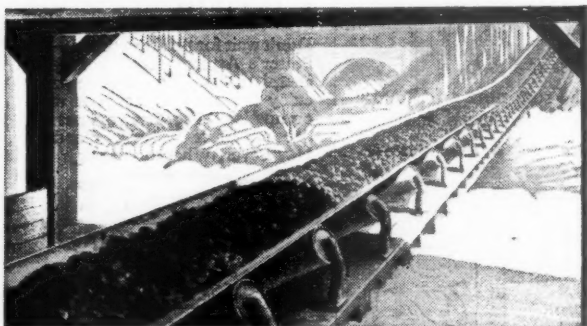
in the Country's interests, it pays to keep 'within the limit' even on the open road. If your work takes you over bad roads, reduce your speed still further. Running a tyre on a rough surface at the same speed as on a smooth one doubles the rate of wear. Uneven surfaces cause wheel spin and needless friction, while pot-holes taken at speed can easily fracture casings.

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THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

S.D. 198



THE 'RUBBER RAILWAY'

The world over, great raw material riches are hidden in inaccessible mountain ranges... but transport difficulties have made their exploitation impracticable. That is, until Goodyear demonstrated that the conveyor belt can be developed and strengthened to become a means of long-distance transport.

Conveyor belts can handle, in these special circumstances, a volume of traffic with far greater efficiency than any railway. They can

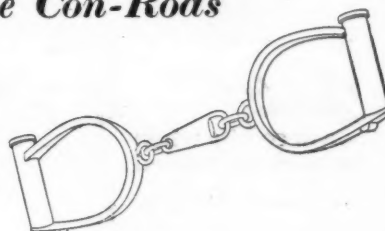
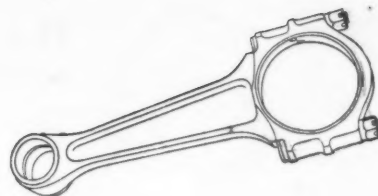
negotiate steep gradients, chasms and other natural obstacles—and a system of light trestles is the only "road bed" required by the "rubber railway." Long-distance conveyor belt systems, developed by Goodyear, are playing a leading part in many impressive construction projects today. And Goodyear enterprise, ever alert to improve, will solve the transport problems which are yet to arise in an era of increased development of world resources.

Another

GOOD YEAR

contribution to Progress

How are
Aero Engine Con-Rods
linked with
Handcuffs?



In the eighteen-thirties our output included steel handcuffs of the latest pattern. They were usually subjected to severe tests before being accepted by the wearers. But nowadays we make mechanical appliances which have to pass far more searching trials. The con-rod shown above, for instance, is a vital part of the aero engine. It is machined from a steel forging, and the finished dimensions run well into the further reaches of the decimal system. In engineering parlance, this example of fine-limit work is 'a typical Webley job'.

Webley

PRECISION ENGINEERS SINCE 1790


WEBLEY AND SCOTT LIMITED PREMIER WORKS WEAMAN STREET BIRMINGHAM 4



Here is Betty
she is a waff
she is very
silent about her

work; she is nt. silent
when Mum says have
some OXO dear she
says # that's the stuff
to give the troup Mum. Sam





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...a necessity when supplies are limited

The production of Chilprufe Pure Wool is confined solely to garments for Infants and Young Children. We, and your draper, are maintaining fair and equitable distribution.

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Manufactured entirely in London, Eng.

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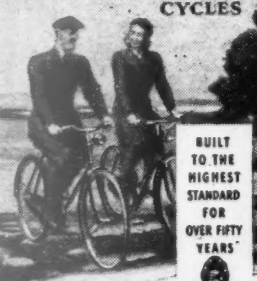
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Letters S.S., S.M., L., E.L., on each pipe on each indicate sizes—Small-Small, Small-Medium, Large and Extra Large.

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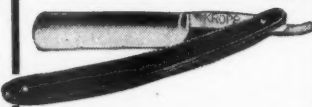
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The **SAFER** the shave

Sounds contradictory but it isn't. Use the keen-edged KROPP and see what a smooth, quick shave you get—EVERY morning. Once you buy a KROPP you've done with shaving troubles. No grinding, no upkeep costs. Hand-forged from fine Sheffield steel. A craftsman's triumph.

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KROPP



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Yes, especially these days!
How do you mean?

I usually leave my dentures in 'Steradent' overnight—but if there's an air-raid warning 20 minutes in 'Steradent' in the morning cleans them beautifully.

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Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Directions: Half tumbler of warm water. Add 'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight or 20 minutes. Rinse well under tap.



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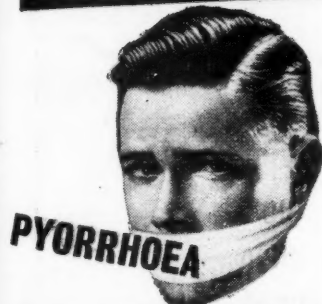
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He is contented and free from anxiety.

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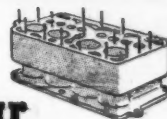


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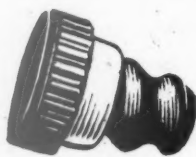
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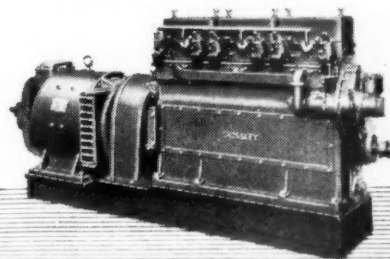
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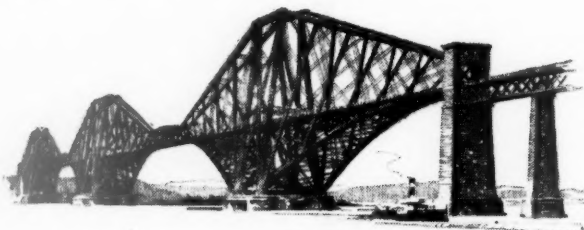
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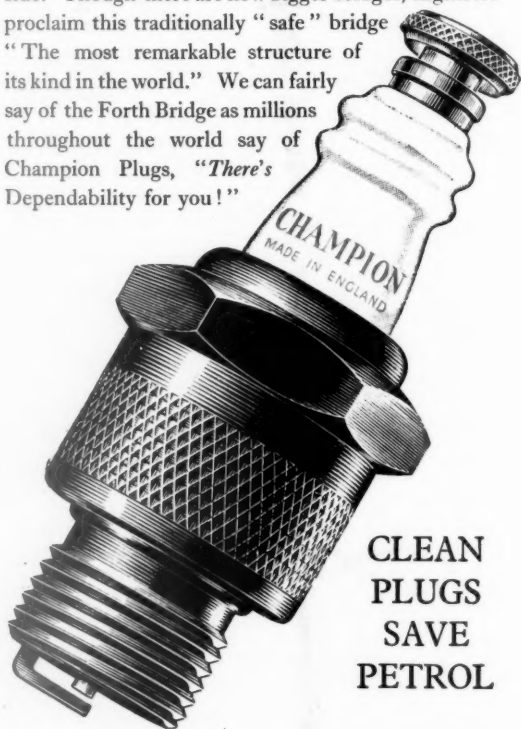


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